

The Sun.

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If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have their articles returned they must enclose a stamped envelope for that purpose.

"Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child. And his name is **DAVID COPPERFIELD**.—From Charles Dickens's *David Copperfield*."—David Copperfield.

At the Cheerybles.

MR. NED CHERYBLE, a study in legs, gaiters and chums; MR. CHARLES CHERYBLE, ditto; MR. and MRS. (KATE NICKLEBY) FRANK CHERYBLE will keep open house all this week. And what house smaller than the English speaking world made Cheeryble can hold. CHARLES DICKENS and, as authentic breathing flesh and blood as he ever was the friends whom he sent into that world to turn it Cheeryble. In that great company how many faces we should love to dwell on, but everybody must have an equal chance this week. Otherwise too many of us would insist on sitting in the cribbage board with Mr. RICHARD SWIVELLER and the Marchioness, or looking for Mr. FOSTER WELLES and SAM at the Marks of Grange, might call for too imprudent tumbler of pineapple rum.

Personally we should like to see "alimony" perhaps the word, those august legs of the Hon. SIMON TAPPEN, the original La Follette, and go to the United Buildings to-night, and to the theatre of Mr. VINCENT CROMBIE tomorrow night, this afternoon a Progress, and a Populist platform is to be tried on MARK TAPPEN. And what does Mr. BARKER think of a express company? Let our betters get within a mile of Mr. PICKWICK if they can this week, the Fat Boy, for no man is so much as the cost of living he has the lost art of shutting up. We shall ever praise, not "damn" that boy.

The coaches we shall ride in, the streets and in galleries we shall walk through. But let us be off to the Cheerybles. There are so many Cheerybles so little known, worthy, we are sure, to be known better. What's the price of board at the Commercial Boarding House? Probably RABBIT is at PAUL SWIVELLER's for a shave. How are Mr. JOHN SMAILER, Mr. and Mrs. PARADIGUE, TRADER's Boy but perhaps he is too famous now. Has Mrs. BINDER married again or lost her property? Speaking of widows, how about FLORENCE KING? Shall we run across SMAILER this week and what's become of ROBERT LEBER? Whom did Miss MORGANA KENWIGS marry?

Thousands of people at the Cheerybles. May we suggest to the Hon. ROBERT LEE HENRY of Texas that there never will be a better time for investigating the Gump-Prig-Harris Midwife and Nurse Trust? In particular, turn the light on Mrs. HARRIS!

Senator Grady.

When JOHN RAINES died, somewhat more than two years ago, comment upon the man himself was subordinated to a discussion and a denunciation of a system which he represented, of which in the public mind he had become the embodiment. The death of THOMAS F. GRADY is certain to provoke similar comment. For unlike as the two men were in every essential detail of personality, in public life they were equally conspicuous champions of the same political methods and ideals.

It was JOHN RAINES's good fortune to escape the consequences and avoid the humiliation which public revolt against the system they both represented brought to Senator GRADY. A lifelong servant of a machine, and a machine which was corrupt, stupid and selfish, Senator GRADY in his last days became one of the saddest and most salutary examples of the fate which overtakes the man who subordinates everything to the blind service of a political machine.

It is easy in emphasizing the moral aspects of Senator GRADY's long career to pass by the qualities which made him a large figure in the smaller details of State politics for more than a generation. To a native ability which was unquestioned he added the rarer power of winning the affection of his associates. Legislatures came and went at Albany, political ideals changed and expanded, but Senator GRADY continued to be loved by the colleagues who held his political ideals in utmost abhorrence and viewed with regret those personal imperfections which prevented him from obtaining for his legislative ability the respect which it deserved.

In the legislative life of the State THOMAS F. GRADY was for almost a generation class the most conspicuous figure. Thousands and thousands of visitors to the Capitol have carried away no clearer memory than that of a debate in which the wit, the skill and at times the real oratorical force of Senator GRADY were the dominant features. Equally in State conventions, at all the more

notable political meetings of State campaigns and city campaigns, in the conferences of Tammany, Senator GRADY played a part which gave him public notice if rarely public approval. A great many hundreds of men loved THOMAS F. GRADY. His friends are scattered all over the State, and the personal gratitude of many of his fellow citizens has earned and deserved by innumerable acts of generosity. Yet no affection can blind even his friends to the fact that in his public life he consistently served evil rather than good, lent his talents to the defence and extension of a system which was destructive of the most elemental ideals of public service and deserved the reputation by his masters which came inevitably when popular condemnation made him no longer useful as a servant.

Race Suicide or Evolution?

The bold attack of the officers of the Equitable Life Assurance Society on Colonel ROOSEVELT's pet theory brings this important subject again before the intelligent public. They have placed themselves in the category of "those cheap and shallow men and women who to quiet their uneasy consciences answer that 'quality is better than quantity' and that decrease of numbers will mean increase of individual prosperity. It is false." Thus wrote the Colonel in the *Outlook* of April 8, 1911.

Ever since Colonel ROOSEVELT originated the phrase "race suicide" he has been hammering it into shape on the anvil of his shop with irony, sarcasm, invective and sentiment. Now comes this mere business corporation and by using only the logic of facts has the temerity to demolish the theory which the Colonel has created. We purpose to add figures, which it is said do not lie, to show that the diminishing birth rate is but a manifestation of evolution toward the "survival of the fittest," as DARWIN puts it. The birth rate stands almost in a certain ratio to the death rate; that is, when the birth rate rises the death rate rises and when the birth rate falls the death rate falls equivalently. The few exceptions prove the rule. This fact has escaped attention until recently, because vital statistics are only beginning to be studied by intelligent people. Indeed it is believed that the birth rate has been steadily diminishing since man emerged from the savage stage; the semi-savage Filipino still marries young and loses most of his numerous offspring.

Since this seems a startling proposition, the following statistics from the always reliable Registrar-General of Great Britain are of great interest. Figures usually have a deterrent effect on newspaper readers, but those given below may serve to allay apprehension of degeneracy and other imagined perils. The table gives the birth rate, death rate and infant mortality under one year to the thousand of population:

| Country. | Birth Rate. | Death Rate. | Infant Mortality. |
|---------------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------------|
| United Kingdom of Great Britain | 1904..... | 20 | 124 |
| 1905..... | 20 | 13 | 118 |
| Denmark | 1904..... | 22 | 121 |
| 1905..... | 23 | 14 | 106 |
| Norway | 1904..... | 20 | 124 |
| 1905..... | 20 | 12 | 96 |
| German Empire | 1904..... | 25 | 125 |
| 1905..... | 25 | 20 | 107 |
| Austria | 1904..... | 32 | 148 |
| 1905..... | 32 | 27 | 128 |
| Hungary | 1904..... | 42 | 204 |
| 1905..... | 42 | 20 | 225 |
| Netherlands | 1904..... | 16 | 100 |
| 1905..... | 15 | 11 | 82 |
| France | 1904..... | 24 | 125 |
| 1905..... | 24 | 12 | 105 |
| Switzerland | 1904..... | 20 | 107 |
| 1905..... | 20 | 10 | 108 |
| Italy | 1904..... | 28 | 152 |
| 1905..... | 28 | 22 | 153 |

The following are the only countries in which the birth rate has increased, also the death rate naturally:

| Country. | Birth Rate. | Death Rate. | Infant Mortality. |
|-----------|-------------|-------------|-------------------|
| Bulgaria | 1904..... | 35 | 89 |
| 1905..... | 40 | 24 | 120 |
| Ceylon | 1904..... | 27 | 120 |
| 1905..... | 40 | 25 | 183 |

And these the exceptions to the rule:

| Country. | Birth Rate. | Death Rate. | Infant Mortality. |
|-----------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------------|
| Jamaica | 1904..... | 36 | 113 |
| 1905..... | 37 | 21 | 124 |
| European Russia (estimated) | 1904..... | 47 | 302 |
| 1905..... | 48 | 30 | 256 |

American statistics are unreliable by reason of lack of uniform registration laws.

The foregoing tables show clearly that the birth rate has diminished in all but three countries, in two of which the data are trustworthy, surely and with inexorable steadiness. What is the reason of this remarkable phenomenon? THOMAS MALTHUS plainly foreshadowed it in 1803, more than a century ago, in his brilliant work on Population.

This man has suffered the unmerited odium of advising immoral limitation of families. Even Colonel ROOSEVELT writes of "the profound and lasting damage unwittingly done by MALTHUS," and every writer on the subject takes a fling at him, thus proving ignorance of the much-decried Malthusian doctrine. THOMAS MALTHUS, a humble clergyman in Surrey, made a scientific study of the effect of population on the future improvement of society. He discovered that while the population doubled every twenty-five years or less in geometric ratio the means of subsistence did not and could not increase in even approximate ratio. Therefore he advised for the future happiness of the

world: "Do not marry until you have a fair prospect of supporting a family." That is all! This gentle man, who is reputed a most lovable character, would have shuddered at the immoral ideas popularly attributed to him. No one who reads the brilliant and logical essays of MALTHUS could for a moment doubt that he is guiltless of the latter. MALTHUS has proved himself a prophet, for marriage has been postponed by at least five years during the last half century, a fact which is not only attested by statistics but is also within the personal observation of all aged people. MALTHUS advised its being accomplished by legal enactment, and for this he was ostracized. It is war, famine and pestilence that have maintained the equilibrium of population since the dawn of history. In modern times these equalizers are prevailing less and less in civilized countries; and war is now threatened with abolition, also an evolutionary process.

"Race suicide," so called is but a phase of evolution by "natural selection." DARWIN wrote: "One saw on reading MALTHUS's work on Population that natural selection is the inevitable result of the rapid increase of all organic beings." Despite this fact reformers like THEODORE ROOSEVELT exercise a beneficent influence in the scheme of evolution. Imbued with honest altruism and a sincere longing for moral and physical betterment, their efforts merit approbation. Who, for example, would not echo this beautiful thought in the closing lines of Colonel ROOSEVELT's article in the *Outlook*: "Above all others we honor the wife and mother, for she is the high priestess of the race, who bears in her strong and tender arms the burden of destinies of nations?"

Mexico.

At the time GENERAL BERNARDO REYES surrendered himself, with no followers, at Linares on Christmas Day, a melancholy figure of disillusion, THE SUN asked the pertinent question whether the Government at Washington had not better keep an eye upon the activities of EMILIO VASQUEZ GOMEZ, who was suspected of being in San Antonio for some other purpose than the care of his health. Señor GOMEZ is not an admirer of the Madero administration, and it was the general belief that if the opportunity came he would put himself at the head of an insurgent movement. At any rate he would bear watching.

News from El Paso about any disturbance on the other side of the Rio Grande is always under suspicion until confirmed, but there is no reason to doubt that the soldiers who seized Juarez declared for VASQUEZ GOMEZ as provisional President. Insurrections, bandits and mutineers in a period on the rim of chaos must make a declaration of the kind, and what is done in Juarez is soon known in El Paso, across the bridge. It is significant that the name of VASQUEZ GOMEZ is also associated with the grave outbreak at Chihuahua, where in a street fight between Maderists and disaffected soldiers several men were killed on both sides, including officers of the garrison. Juarez soon heard of the "rising" at Chihuahua and probably expected it; indeed, the presumption is that, as the State had been torn with Gomez proclamations, the two affairs were planned to occur at about the same time.

President MADERO can ill spare a large body of troops to quell insurrection in Chihuahua. He is in much the same predicament as his predecessor was. To cope with the Zapatistas in Moravia, which is in as great ferment now as when DIAZ was President and General MADERO himself was in the field, it is necessary to employ the best troops in the Mexican army, and a strong force must also be held in the city of Mexico. Therefore, if it is true that Governor GONZALEZ is unable to preserve order in the rural parts of Chihuahua and bands are roving the State and declaring for VASQUEZ GOMEZ, the situation has an ugly look and justifies Secretary STIMSON's orders to General JOSEPH W. DUNCAN at San Antonio to use his discretion about moving his whole force to the Mexican border to await developments.

The Return of Kleptomaniacs.

In no other spirit than that of true kindness we call the attention of the *Evening Transcript* to the circumstance that the little old woman in respectable black bombazine is at it again. She has been in the shops with her satchel, and her tumble though wrinkled and hooked fingers have been seen in actual operation. Articles of value belonging to us, among other things, have found their way into that beaded receptacle for the unprincipled.

Recurrence of the distressing symptoms is always to be expected, we suppose, for the tendency seems to be congenital. Much can be done, however, by patience, mild discipline and properly timed seduction when the fit comes on. That is why we now speak to the family. Many less considerate persons would go straight to the Boston police.

Some day even we may.

The editor of the *Ohio Teacher* says that he has information showing that there are scores of schools controlling three, four or five pupils, and hundreds of schools enrolling less than fifteen. Here is a reckless and needless waste of public funds. One teacher reported that for many days she had no pupils at all, but she drew her \$40 a month.

In reply it can only be said that these words imply an extraordinary conception of public funds on the part of the writer. What else are they for, if not to be wasted? Does anybody suppose that when public managers manage the public schools they manage them for their health? And if the State of Ohio can afford to maintain a corps of private tutors for the farmers, it can at least be told that the farmer is at last coming into his rights. As for the young lady who has no pupils at all, this may be merely a case of not wishing to dispense with valuable talent so long as there is a chance of some stray pupil moving into her neighborhood.

Next year it seems that the berth of an Ohio teacher is not to be so easy, for 16,000 of them will have to pass an examination

in agriculture in order to hold a certificate to teach school. The vacation months will have to be spent on the farm, imbibing first hand knowledge at the silo and the salt box. Higher algebra is simply itself compared with being able to tell a cow with a good udder.

As most of the teachers are busy during the entire winter, how are they going to learn the handling of ewes in cold weather and thus insure the survival of the fittest among the lambs by cutting out the unfit and the misfits, as they are said to do in Wall Street? The only solution would seem to be the establishment of the inevitable correspondence schools for teaching farming by mail with the customary list of text books. Among the best sellers we predict that one entitled *First Aid to the Hen* would outstrip all others. Some chalet may offer a volume on how to get luster from slum milk, which may have a large superstitious sale like all get rich quick handbooks, but for a staple seller the book on poultry jewels will lead.

Paris, like Constantinople before the revolution of the Young Turks, numbers its stray dogs by the thousands. The statistician of the *Excelsior* estimates that 20,000 are annually found in the French capital and half of them taken to the city's pound. Of this 10,000 about 7,000 are executed, 1,500 returned to their owners and 1,500 turned over to the hospitals for vivisection experiments. But there remain 10,000, who escape Government regulation and find new masters or succeed in leading a vagabond life. Too speedy surrender of dogs to the vivisectionists has just called forth from M. LEFÈVRE, the police director of Paris, an order that all dogs which fall into the hands of the authorities shall have four days of grace.

A scientific mission charged with making the first studies for the construction of a railroad across the Sahara has just set out from France. Starting from Oran, on the Mediterranean, the expedition will travel first by rail and then by camel to the mountains in the center of the Sahara. There one party will turn west and examine the route of the proposed railroad connecting the Mediterranean with the Cape to Cairo by Lake Tchad and the upper Congo Valley; the second will turn east to study the track of the Trans-Saharan itself from the center of the desert to the Niger at Timbuktu or Gao. One of the members of the expedition will be Captain CORBIER, whose earlier journey across the desert to the Niger was one of the triumphs of Saharan exploration.

Somewhere on this page a Hartford correspondent assumes a difference of weather wisdom between Uncle HO JOHNSON of East Haddam and the Groundhog. Were there such a dissent laymen might doubt the attitude of science, but there cannot be. The Groundhog is the subterranean Uncle HO JOHNSON. Uncle HO JOHNSON is, in his prophetic endowments, the Groundhog of the earth. If any prophecy of either contradicts the other, any weather that contradicts either or both is not to be believed.

TWO WEATHER WARLOCKS.

Clash of Prophecy Between the Groundhog and Uncle Ho Johnson.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Six weeks of continued cold weather. All concur in Uncle Ho Johnson, the premier weather prophet, who has recently served notice on the ice men to get busy. Now the issue is clear out, either the groundhog or our Uncle Ho Johnson is a gas. We do not know. Not many moons back, in the *Hartford Courant*, a learned and painstaking astronomer claimed to have discovered instances where Uncle Ho Johnson's weather forecasts were in error. The charge is a serious one and demands investigation. A weather prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Merces has certain laborers.

Ho Johnson of East Haddam, Conn., will live in history. He has won his spurs through fair and foul weather and none may say in vain. His father, a lawyer, was a quaint and fetching. There is a crisp air about them that stimulates the imagination, rouses the sluggish pulse to action, prompts digestion and agrees with all but the most delicate of constitutions. When his prognostications and lucubrations prove and do not resort to dishonest means aware of the fact that even the most pronounced cases of atmospheric disorder, when his lucubrations are followed, the result is relief and there is joy and gladness in the dwellings of the virtuous. This country needs reliable weather pilots to chart the unexplored depths of ether. This is a great need, and the weather prophet is something brewing somewhere. Let us hear again from Uncle Ho Johnson, the seer that made East Haddam famous. B. S. W. HARTFORD, Conn., February 3.

The Crooked Tax Chauder.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—It is no easy matter for the license bureau with its corps of inspectors to ferret out the dishonest taxicab chauffeurs unless they have the cooperation of the public. The public must be educated to look out for itself in the matter of taxicab fares. In trying to catch crooked chauffeurs the inspectors face an extremely difficult task, because after a time the drivers get to know the inspectors and do not resort to dishonest means when an inspector is within hailing distance.

What every person should do before entering a taxicab is to look at the face of the meter and make sure that it is not a meter of the most favorite trick of dishonest chauffeurs is to permit previous charges to remain on their meters, and when the taxicab is hired by other persons the meter is not reset and the previous fares but also the faces of the people who have used the taxicab before them. Thus the chauffeurs are doubly paid for the first charges, and as the meters usually show the amount due there is no redress for the overcharged patrons.

The trick is usually worked at places where taxicabs are in demand, such as the theatres and the opera house. The traffic policemen keep the carriages from moving rapidly, and the crooked chauffeurs experience no trouble in getting people to step into their taxicabs and driving away with some amount appearing on their meters. The whole operation is over so quickly that the inspectors have no time to act, and even if they did halt one of these taxicabs the occupants would probably complain at the delay.

As soon as the public educates itself to the crooked methods employed by some chauffeurs an effective stop will be put to them, exorbitant taxicab fares will be a thing of the past and even a fair moderate means can afford to ride in taxicabs. NEW YORK, February 3.

Siphons.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—I notice that the tunnel for the new water supply for New York is spoken of in the public prints as a siphon. I understand it, a siphon is only used to convey a fluid from one level over a higher level and to a level which is lower than the first named level.

A feature of this siphon is that it must be a tube filled with water, and the water must be maintained in the source of supply.

Has the tunnel in question a true siphon feature, and if it has, where is it located?

JOHN RICHMOND, N. Y., February 3.

A Wise and Good Old Saw.

Washington had just cut down the cherry tree. I may say that I am firmly against a third tree, he cried.

Thus he set an example for the future.

His style.

Ruler—Is he a gentleman of the old school? Bucker—No, a gentleman of the new university.

THE LAST DAYS OF VERLAINE.

The Poet Whose Statue Looks Like an Absentee Flak.

One evening, when nearing the close of his sad and extraordinary career, Paul Verlaine said to some of his friends assembled at a cafe table: "I wish for nothing better than the existence of a plain citizen of the Rue Mouffetard; nor was this vain boast made by the poet, a hater of the bourgeois and their habits, himself held up as an awfully exemplary decent member of society. Verlaine was worn by dissipation, suffering from rheumatism, from stomach troubles. He longed for the quiet of home, for the care of a good woman. No more absinthe, no more American, no more little glasses of cognac! Temperance and hard work were to be incorporated in his plans for the future, and in effect he did behave himself so admirably for several months that the cafes of the 'left bank' wondered if he were dead or in one of his favorite hospitals. The François-Premier, the Soleil d'Or, the Procopée, the Escholiers, the Monnaie and the Macchabees nursed him, as did the bars of the Chope Latine and the Académie of the Rue Saint-Jacques; whenever the poet settled down for a prolonged drinking bout, disciples would gather, and then business was sure to be brisk. The only news that could be gleaned of his whereabouts was that he was indoors, in a little apartment plying his pen and under the watchful eye of Eugénie Krantz, otherwise known as the Bal Bullier as Nini-Mouton because of her abundant blond tresses.

Only the other day at Paris the annual dinner was given in memory of Verlaine, and afterward the guests went to his monument in the Luxembourg Gardens, which was inaugurated last May. It is a bizarre affair by the sculptor Rodin de Niederhausen; that it suggests an absentee flak has not caused much concern among his admirers, for like Alfred de Musset Verlaine was a notable victim of the Green Fairy. But the project for this monument aroused in certain circles the most violent opposition, which not even the presence of men the most distinguished in literature and the fine arts at the consecration ceremonies could totally suppress. But there it stands to the memory of the modern Villon, to the Pauvre Lelian, whose voice is sweetest and subtlest in the hoarse and more rhetorical choir of French poets. He was a loose liver, with the temperance of a spoiled child, a genius who never grew up. The world has forgiven him his vagaries, many of them largely a matter of pose, for the unaffected beauties of his verse. Let the heathen rage, Paul Verlaine will not be forgotten, even in an epoch that saw two such great poets as Victor Hugo and Charles Baudelaire.

Messrs. J. A. Cazais and Gustave Le Rouge told the other day all there is worth knowing about the last days of the poet in their "Derniers jours de Verlaine." He had dragged his rheumatic leg and exacerbated nerves from hospital to hospital, from the Broussin to Tenon, from Saint-Antoine, Cochin to the Maison Dubois, Bichat, Saint Louis, he even had dreamed of retiring within the mad wards of Sainte-Anne. What joy, he said, to associate with simple souls who fancied themselves Christ, Mohammed, Napoleon! He would have liked his cards engraved: "Paul Verlaine, Madman, Asylum Sainte-Anne, Paris." But he confessed that he was only an accused poet and such luck was not for him. His friend Stéphane Mallarmé had repeatedly warned him against the abuse of absinthe; Verlaine replied that he drank it to forget, not for the drink itself, that familiar fallacy of alcoholic victims. Paul Bourget has finely said that "On revient toujours à ces voyages d'oubli," and poor Verlaine ever seeking to banish the present and evoke the past, that disgraced and wonderful past in which two poets swam in golden mists of ecstasy or sank into the black fogs of despair.

However, he did pull himself together for a time. The three virtues that fought for his meagre fancies—his poverty was appalling—Eugénie Krantz, Philomène Boudin and the enigmatic creature who simply called herself Esther, were finally resolved into one, Eugénie, an illiterate, good hearted woman of the people, who worshipped Verlaine as a kind of incomprehensible deity, yet did not refrain from giving him a taste of her muscular arm when he came home fuddled. She superstitiously saved scraps of paper upon which he had scribbled, believing that they would be worth money after his death. Had she not seen the publisher Vannier over the Quai and her good friend Hector de Callias, his throat dry as a gold mine for a few lines? Poor Verlaine had a definite value for this big boned guardian of the shrine. After the passing of Verlaine there wasn't much to seek in his writing desk. Though Eugénie Krantz deceived Verlaine with the utmost tranquility, yet if it had not been for her he would have died in a hospital, a prospect that he had always feared. She did not long survive him. She died from interperence, which she paid for by the sale of autographs and certain rare papers of the poet, among the best a fragment of his *Œuvres*.

The poet must have led her a merry dance. He was the most irresponsible of men. A wedding, a funeral, a simple trip to church, often resulted in disappearances for days at a time. He had been an assiduous guest at the home of Mme. Nina de Callias, a young woman, talented, vivacious and a patron saint of artists and literary men. She had private meals and kept open house for the hungry and thirsty of the tribe bohemian. A very interesting account may be found in "The Memoirs of My Dead Life" by George Moore, who, a lively young Irishman, was dodging about Paris at the time. Mme. Nina was separated from her husband M. Hector de Callias, once a brilliant journalist, but also a backslider from the principles of temperance. He was practically unknown to her circle, and the astonishment was great when he turned up at the funeral, solemn of mien and garb. He led the cortege as nearest of kin, accompanied by his friend Verlaine. What this pair talked about on the long road to the cemetery, from the Batignolles to the Parc d'Orléans, is not difficult to fancy. But they held themselves in good shape till the obsequies were ended and the little Nina and in her last resting place. Then Hector de Callias, his throat dry as a lime kiln, decamped, leaving to the poet Charles Gros the duty of doing the final handshaking with the mourners. Verlaine followed him shortly after, and on the return one by one the men and women who had been the friends of the dead Nina dropped from the ranks. The day was a warm one and cafes numerous. What that cortege numbered when it reached the Batignolles no one has told; the entire episode reminds us of Gounod's humorous and sardonic "Funeral March of the Marionettes." Hector and Paul did not respond in their accustomed haunts for a week. Later, at Fontainebleau, de Callias was put on a milk diet by

his physician's order, and he died from the experiment, so they say.

Not even this example proved a warning for Verlaine. He soon slipped into his old wet rut, and as there is an end to all things, even to a thirsty poet, he died January 3, 1899. He wrote his last poem, not inappropriately entitled "Mort," January 3. A fever set in; during the night he fell out of bed and was discovered unconscious. A sinapism was applied. "That bites," he murmured; this was his last sentence, after that he merely babbled the names of friends. The State paid the expenses of his burial, which was the signal for the presence of many celebrated persons, Anatole France heading the list. Verlaine died a repentant sinner; he had always been that, always sinning, always repenting. His verse is the riotous, exquisite music of the contradictory nature of the man. It made him marvellous enemies, this nature of his. And his statue in the Luxembourg Gardens to-day.

NAMES OF NATIONS.

Is "The United States of America" Too Long for So Great a Country?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Our country has grown to such greatness of stature that the name we give it, "The United States of America," seems to me too inadequate to express its greatness. All great nations have had short names, just consider the list, Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Judea, Persia, Athens, Rome, Spain, England, should be not "The United States of America," or as some lightly refer to it, "America," in imitation of the English and Canadian custom, calling it "The States," but simply "America," that name so rich in historical memories and associations. We could still use the name "United States of America" in all public documents, such as the various Congressional bills, treaties, etc., but the people at large when referring to their country should use the simple name "America," which is really more beloved by every true American than is any other term. Which awakens the more pride and love in our hearts, the official sounding title "United States of America" or the name "America," the very sound of which is so inspiring.

Our glorious national song "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is built around the ancient phrase "United States of America." No, it is called simply "America." Then, too, the name "United States of America" is not at all distinctive. Let us consider the names of Germany, "The United States of Italy," "The United States of Argentina," etc. As a final argument Washington in his immortal "Farewell Address" says: "The name America, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always be the least and the least of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. There are no real objections to the employment of the name 'America,' as against the name 'United States of America.' When a man speaks of coming to America, we know what he means, he means our country. There are plenty of terms to describe the Western Hemisphere in general and in particular. We have North America, South America, Eastern America, and so on. The name 'America' is the name of the continent of the Western Hemisphere taken together. Central America and Latin America. Then each country, of course, has its own individual name, Canada, Mexico, Honduras, Nicaragua, Brazil, Argentina, etc. Let us consider, then, when he speaks of his country, use the name America. It is a name that Washington loved, and we can do no better than to follow his example. AMERICA. NEW YORK, February 3.

The Dog and the Danger.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Permit me to comment briefly on the editorial in the *Sun* of yesterday on "A Dog in Need." No one appreciates more than I do the noble qualities of the dog, which have often been told in song and story. And it is entirely in the interest of the dog and of dog lovers that I would express approval of the views expressed by one of the *Sun*'s correspondents in the recent enlightening discussion of hydrophobia, that by mutilating and quarantining dogs for a few weeks hydrophobia may be entirely abolished. THE *Sun* has well shown by citing the experience of England and Germany that this consummation may easily be reached. Careless and cruel mutilation would be unnecessary; the dog lover would be gratified and the dog hater would lose his strongest support. NEUTRAL. NEW YORK, February 3.

Wants No Second Dose of Mortal Life.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: "Fifty-eight and 'Sixty' have had their innings upon the question whether they would like to live their lives over again. Will you let 'Fifty-nine' give his opinion? God forbid that I should be so terribly pushed as to have to live my life over again, with all its miseries, mistakes, disappointments and suffering. But God send that there may be another life, where one may profit by the lessons learned at so much cost in this one. Ourselves. NEW YORK, February 3.

The Manhattan Philosopher On Crime.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: "Smoker" in this morning's *Sun* complains that he is liable to arrest if he carries a lighted pipe in the subway, also if he empties the ash from his lighted pipe in the street; and considers this a problem. The answer